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SOUTHERN SONGS

RHYMES AND JINGLES

BY

ELIZABETH M. MONTAGUE

Author of "Beside a Southern Sea,"

"The Call of Eden"

(Latter in Press)



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TO MY FRIEND
ROSE M. DE VAUX-ROYER

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

All of the poems in this volume have appeared in magazines in the North or the South; a few in the West. The author wishes to thank these publications for the use of them in this form.

E. M. M.

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HOMeward BOUND

DAYLIGHT dies in the west;
Dusk veils the fair earth's face;
Unto night's purple breast
Stars steal apace.

I walk a flowery lea,
Wading through fragrant dew;
And all I hear and see
Brings thoughts of you.

Blue of the misty hill
Tells of your gentle eyes;
And to the laughing rill
Your mirth replies.

Wind-toyed the meadow grass,
Burned with the poppy's flame,
Speaks to me as I pass,
Whispering your name.

In veilings silver-kissed
The moon-bride takes her place,—
And smiling through the mist
I see your face!

I think of a nest I know,
In a bower of lovesome things,
Where a dove-bride waits as the hours go
For the sound of homing wings.

THE CALLING OF THE WILD

THE calling, calling, of the wild is in the air to-day,
You can hear the calling, calling, though you are
far away,
And your spirit leaps to reach it as a brook leaps to
the fall,
And your senses thrill with rapture in answer to the
call.

In fancy you can hear the merry birds among the trees,
And see the flowers bending to the kisses of the bees,
As you thread your eager way along the fragrant
meadow grass,
Where daisies lift their dainty heads to hail you as you
pass.

Leave the toil and stress of things, the rush of hurry-
ing feet,
And seek the dewy meadows with blue violets sprinkled
sweet;
Take your sweetheart's hand in yours, dear lad, and
fare away
To where the wild is calling, calling to your heart to-
day.

SPRING'S AWAKENING

ALL at the fragrant waking of the day,
I heard the piping of a tender lay;
A little bird sang in a garden tree,
And I had dreamed an angel spoke to me!

Upsprang a dainty breeze, speeding away
On quivering wings to greet the goddess May!
And kiss to waking life each lovely thing
That slumbered in the rosy lap of Spring!

So good is life! sweet glowing mystery!
And death? — there is no death for you and me!
Love is immortal and must live reborn
To joy beyond the Resurrection Morn!

THE SKULKER

I ASKED a bee, a flower, a rose,
A skylark at the brink of dawn,
A fountain in a garden-close
A cricket on a daisied lawn,
I asked the river flowing wide,
The firs upon the mountainside.

I asked the billowy sea of jade,
The hills of melting amethyst,
The golden patches in the glade,
The meadows where the sunlight kissed;
I asked the runlet in the glen,
And all the haunts of nymphs and men.

I asked the white clouds in the sky
Drifting like treasure-laden ships;
I asked the breezes fleeting by,
Heavy with sweets of flower-lips;
I asked a lad of shining face,
A maiden of a winsome grace.

I asked of all, and asked again:
“Where dwelleth Care? Doth any know?”

And birds and flowers, and hearts of men
Had naught of will nor power to show;
For none could name the darkened place
Where Care was hiding his grim face!

THEN YOU WOULD KNOW

IF you could only know
The sorrow of my heart, the weary woe
That grants me no reprieve,
The hungry longing, restless pain,
That rankles in my heart and brain,
I think you would forgive.

If you could only think,
My ever only dear, that on the brink
Perchance of lifelong woe,
We stood to take our flight,
Nor heeded we the height,
Nor deemed it could be so;

If you could see the way
Whereon our all-unheeding feet would stray,
The rocks that frown below —
If you could but in wisdom see
The depths and gulfs of misery
Then you would know —

Then you would know,
And see, my own lost love, 'tis better so.

Forget the past, my best,
My ever friend, forget that thou
And I have dearer been than now,
And leave to God the rest.

IN A SOUTHERN WILDWOOD

A CALM and sweetly scented wood
Invites me for a quiet day,
In its deep-bosomed solitude,
To drowse and dream the hours away.

To slip the noose of things that fret,
In this cool and sequestered spot,
And teach my spirit to forget,
Far from the world the world forgot.

I think the brooklet at my feet
Sings its blithe song for me alone;
I know was never song more sweet,
And there is rest in every tone.

Rest in the trembling leafy green
Above by dreamful winds caressed,
And in the heaven-blue shown between,
While drowsy nature murmurs "Rest!"

Sweet violets fringe the water's lip,
And on its bosom lilies lie,
And willow tendrils droop and drip
Stirring the ripples flowing by.

The cherokee her bounty flings
Of petal-showers on every wind
Like little snowy fluttering wings
By fleeting elfings left behind!

Before the salvia's glowing flame
One almost thinks to stand unshod,
As Moses once, in awe and shame
Stood by the burning bush of God!

On high a mock-bird trills — I know
Of old that mellow tone —
That tender strain so soft and low,
Telling his love to every one.

All nature sings a song to me,
To me alone from one glad throat —
A song of hope, of joy to be —
A promise in each dulcet note!

A FANTASY

I HAD a dream once through a fragrant night.

I can recall ere sleep-waves sought mine eyes,
The flood of moonlight through my window, where
A trellised moonflower caught the tender light;
And waxen clematis, of silv'ry guise,
Wandered at her sweet will, flowered and fair,
As though Titania were enshrined there;
When every leaf gleamed with the tears of dews;
While over all in mist of opal rays
A cobweb spread a veil of changeful hues
To canopy the whole in pearly haze.
I heard the night-winds harping on the hill
Accompanying the low soft lullaby
That Nature crooned unto the dreaming day;
And I could hear the whispering of a rill
Making its little journey to the sea
Where the great scurling waves beat restlessly;
And I could see from where at ease I lay,
One little star sending its silver ray
Along the silent heaven, and it did seem
To lead me into sleep and strange dream.

I thought my breast a garden-plot, and lo,
From its rich soil my heart burst into flower,

Like a rare lily, whiter than the snow!
Never before in Nature's beauteous bower
Was seen so fair a bloom. Day after day
All wonder-lost, I watched its petals white
Slowly expand — the while a strange delight
Enraptured me, as might a flashing ray
Piercing the gloom of a vast forest-deep
Wake all its shadows into life and light.
I sang: "Oh world with gladness rife,
Can be in all thy sunshine eyes that weep?"
But soon I thought on where to hide my prize,
My beauteous lily-heart, where curious eyes
Would ne'er behold nor crave my lovely gem,
Nor cruel hand come nigh to wring its stem.
I straightway set a hedge about it all
Of thorns and piercing weeds to prick and sting
Who dared to thrust between or scale my wall;
And there to sit the livelong day and sing,
And feast my eyes upon my flower, to me
Were life enough, were heaven's ecstasy.

A summer's day, one came and leaned above
My garden wall.— Oh, fair and fine, my love!
Too high for thorns to reach he looked adown
On my white lily-heart — his fair hair blown
Out on the wind, I thought his tender eyes
Gathered the blue of all the summer skies
Into two darkened pools; and it did seem
His smile was all the sunshine in one beam!
Oh, voice of waters: "I would ask a boon
Fair maid — mayst dare yon lovely flower to crave?"

For hear me pledge thee true, by yon bright moon,
Thro' life, thro' death, e'en when the cruel grave
Shall hold me in her clasp, above my breast,
E'en o'er my death-cold heart that flower shall rest;
And should my soul God-cursed, sink in the gloom
Of darkest foulest hell, that sacred bloom
So white, so holy is, its faintest breath so pure,
One moment there, and hell were hell no more;
And should my soul God-blessed, wing to the heavenly
light,

That bloom were fairest of th' Empyrean Height!"
Couldst say him nay? Alas, my lily-bud!
Over the world the twilight fell. I stood
And watched him pass away. A glance, a wave
Of hand, a fleeting smile, and he was gone!
I heard naught but the ocean's mournful lave —
Its hollow echoing — I was alone!

I kept no count of days, recked not of time
That passed — nor state; but dreaming still, anon,
I thought I heard the far-off silver chime
Of bells — it was the first awaking dawn.
I looked and saw the thorny hedge about
Me as before; the glowing skies above
Sent burning beams from its bright jewel-stone;
The merry, vagrant winds did rudely flout
The lazy clouds; and in a distant grove
A bird was singing in his richest tone,
So silver-sweet I thought his heart must break
With melody; and then I heard one speak
My name. And lo, above the wall there shone

That well-loved face; blue eyes looked in mine own;
I saw the wind sport in his pluméd crest —
The sunlight in his gilded vesture gleam,
The while a bright and wand'ring ray caressed
His wind-toyed locks — and his calm voice did seem
To outward float from some weird shadowland;
He held the lily-bud within his hand.
“Take back thy flower, maid, I bring it thee.”
(The while I gazed all cold and tremblingly!)
“Take back thy gift — a fairer sweeter flower
Than this thy faded bud doth now endower
My life with fragrance rare.” All mute I stood,
And looked adown on that pale withered bud
Low at my feet — a wounded broken thing!
And then — a mockingbird began to sing!
I ope'd my eyes to see a merry ray
Of sunlight bringing in a joyous day;
A golden sunbeam dancing thro' my window-bars,
And lo, my dream was vanished with the stars!

MOTHERHOOD

ALWAYS I've known that you would come to me,
Waking or dreaming as the slow years passed,
As heedless girl or woman grown to be,
Always I've known that you would come at last.

And I have lived waiting to see your face;
And in my life for you have made wide room,
That all be dressed and ready in its place,
That day of all my days when you would come.

And longing for you, still, I wait and wait,
With breast so warm to lay your head upon,
With arms so ready be it soon or late,
You come to rest within them, little one!

Come to me little babe, sign of sweet love!
She hath not tasted earth, she will miss heaven,
To whom the Great Almighty God above
Hath not a little child or lent or given!

TO A PURPLE IRIS

THOU art so fair, tell me thy secret true!
Wert born of summer rain and sun and dew,
To prank this dallying streamlet with thy bloom,
And freight the lazy breeze with thy perfune?

Or art the spirit of a gentle maid,
Whose glowing feet along this pathway strayed
To tryst with one thou lovedst too long and well
E'en in the Elysian fields content to dwell?

And hast thou come again, asking to lie
Within his path to clasp his feet and die? —
Or — blessed hope — one little hour to rest
In dreamful ecstasy upon his breast?

A PRAYER

I ASK, Good Lord, not miracles of Thee,
But that in mercy, Thou my guidance be.

I would not, if it could be, win reward
For only asking, but with strivings hard.

I would not have my name in water writ,
But scrolled before men's eyes, Thou blessing it.

I would be great, and fitted to achieve
A purpose high and fine, something to live

After this mortal day on earth be run,
And time for me shall set with life's last sun;

But failing greatness, grant that I may see
In little things Thy paths and plans for me,

And with a yielding spirit run to meet
What Thou in wisdom set to prove my feet.

Grant Thou, that I adoring, bring to Thee,
To dress Thine altar sheaves of purity,

And lilies of white prayers; and for Thy head,
That I may offer unto Thee instead

Of alabaster-box and ointment fine,
A broken heart, this little life of mine,

Molded and fashioned to Thy perfect will,
Waiting to hear at last Thy "Peace, be still!"

YE SHALL BE SATISFIED

THE scythe of Time cuts keenly, and the hours,
The little human hours fall one by one;
The seasons bring their yield of snows and flowers,
And lo, our little mortal lives are run!

An hour's toiling in the fragrant morn,
A moment's resting by the way at noon,
A night of weeping for a hope forlorn,
And then the end — we cry: “Too soon, too soon!”

But as we stand before the vast Unknown,
And tremble with the fear of things untried,
This thought illumines the soul, that to His own
Our God has said: “Ye shall be satisfied.”

HAPPY TOWN

“**S**HOW me the way to Happy Town,
I’ve missed it many a mile!”
The winds blew up, the leaves came down,
As by a lonely stile,
Along the foot-worn path of Care,
I watched the weary pilgrim fare,
And wander, toiling up and down,
Seeking the way to Happy Town.

“’Tis by a far and winding road,”
I heard a maiden say,
“And each must share a brother’s load
Who travels by that way;
’Tis on a shining mountain height,
And all day long gleams in the light;
This city fair you’ll soon discover
By the mist of glory hanging over!”

“Give me your hand and come with me,
Sweet maid, we’ll fare together;
Tho’ sky be gray or winds ride free,
Or fair and rosy weather;

Lean on me by the darkened way,
And lend your hand as a tender stay,
Tho' heaven be bright or dark storms frown
We'll find the way to Happy Town!"

LEAN HARD ON ME

LEAN hard on me, belovéd, thy frail feet,
I kiss them! some dark day may chance to meet

Along thy careless path, now roses strewn,
A piercing thorn, a cruel bruising stone.

Lean hard on me, thy roses dewy red,
Blown of thy youth's fresh fairness may be dead

Tomorrow, shattered, scattered, and dark rue
Thrust into hands that only roses knew.

Lean hard on me, lest on thy untried path,
A storm-cloud crossing, break in sudden wrath,

And, wand'ring helplessly, thy feet shall stray,
And in the darkness lose the sheltered way.

Lean hard on me through life's long pilgrimage,
Now in thy fulsome youth, and when gray age

Sits on this brow I stroke so tenderly;
Lean hard on me, belovéd, lean hard on me.

DIVIDED

I'M walking in an old lost Way,
 Haunted of Memory!
And here again my footsteps stray
As in a far, unchastened Day —
 But is it well for me!

For here entombed my heart low lies —
 Lo, a stone is rolled and set! —
What if the dead should now arise,
And view me with remembr'ing eyes,
 Could I forget — forget?

BEYOND THE PALE

I GAZE far, far into the dome of night,
And fain would pierce the blue star-spangled veil,
To view what lies beyond that silent pale
That shuts the heavenly glory from our sight.

Can there be fields wide-spreading, bright with blow
Of flowers kissed to life by breezes sweet?
Or shining shores where purple waters meet?
Or rolling meadows pale with lilies' snow?

Can there be giant mountains lifting high
Their serried crests above the slumbering vales? —
Dreaming to sound of trilling nightingales —
Waking to wreck the great clouds drifting by?

Are there cool streams in tremulous coppice-glades?
Or stealing in and out again among
The haunts of timid things of call and song,
To lose the way amid the forest's shades?

And shall we, you and I, stand face to face,
Eye seeking yearning eye, and understand

Each other, know, hand clasping glowing hand,
Our own and loved in that great silent Land?

On, Love, from the sweet heavenly fields afar,
Look down on one in gloom of doubt and night —
Ere the faint gleam of hope fades from my sight,
I pray you tell me where, and what you are!

LITTLE GLUCK

GLUCK was his name — just Gluck — a funny name?

You ask me if at Christening it came?

Oh, dear, dear no; how funny that would be!

For just a mouse, a tiny mouse was he —

A little scampering, loving, small gray mouse

That once lived in the queerest old gray house!

This house? it had not always been so queer;

Once a great flowering garden had stood where

A wilderness now riots in the sun:

And regal roses — proud queens every one —

Reared their high heads above sweet mignonette

With which the pretty curving walks were set.

Vines climbed the porch and offered to the broods

Of garden-birds delightful solitudes;

Wistaria and tender cypress-vine

Clasped tendril-fingers with the jessamine,

While the blue periwinkles and heartsease

Made fair exchange of kisses with the bees.

Each spring among the old wild-orange trees

The robin's voice in little ecstasies

Named not the garden nor the old house queer ;
For the sweet singer loved to linger near,
Gold-mining in the jonquil treasure-bed,
Or coralled 'mid the woodbine overhead.

1

The bees thought it not queer — the busy things,
Intent upon their honey-harvestings ;
Nor did the butterflies that came in crowds
And fluttered down in little gilded clouds
Above the pinks and sweet alyssum beds,
Or crowned with diadems the aster heads.

Nor did the cardinals flashing among
The dusky cedar-boughs that gloomed along
The old stone wall ; nor did the blithe peewees
Chirping amid the flowering orchard-trees ;
Nor did the mockbird from his chosen spot
Of eminence — the vine-hung chimney-pot.

For once a beautiful sad lady dwelt
In that queer house, and in that garden knelt
Among those happy flowers, her loving care
Attending their sweet needs — though oft a tear
Dropt in a lily-chalice, or a sigh
Passed on a zephyr winging softly by.

And in the scented twilight she would sing
Of dear lost days, when youth's fair coloring
Glamoured the world, and set her eager feet
Out upon primrose paths of promise sweet.

But, oh, the cadences of joy and pain
Commingling in that low and yearning strain!

And Gluck would creep to his accustomed nook
Behind the great piano, where he shook
With pain and joy, a-quiver and a-thrill
As those strains floated on the twilight still —
Replete with tears and longing, every tone —
As she sat singing in the dusk alone.

Why should one be so sad when earth was fair?
When the old garden slumbered, dreaming, near?
When the fond mockbird in the flow'ring tree
Was telling of his love in rhapsody,
And half the room lay in the white moon-glow?
Gluck was a little mouse and could not know!

II

Now in a darkened corner, in a chest
Broken and age-stained, Gluck had made his nest.
This ancient case stood grim along the wall
Where scarcely one pale beam of light could fall,
And spider's snares and dust increased the gloom;
But here small Gluck had made his quiet home.

For lo, his bed was silken, and all sweet
With lavender, and soft beneath his feet
As down of eider! But he had not guessed
The sacred mystery of that old chest

That held in trust an unworn bridal-dress !
Gluck was a little mouse and could not guess !

Slumb'ring in those soft folds, he did not know
What that old packet there beside, could show ;
A strong man's passion cruel fate denied,
A human who had lived and loved and died !
A mouse could only guess at these strange things
Of love and fate, with all his wonderings !

III

It was Gluck's habit every night to creep
Round and about that queer old house, and peep
With bright and curious eyes, in every crack
And cranny ; making gay excursions back
And forth the spacious rooms around ;—
Mad-scamp'ring to his nest at every sound !

How proud was he, with timid step to climb
The rich buffet, and there to set a-chime
The crystals blinking in th' uncertain light ;
Or sniff or nibble in a rare delight
The toothsome treasure-finds that often lay
So temptingly along his joyous way !

And what a happiness it was to slip
Into her sleeping-room and take a sip
Out of her drinking-glass ; or steal away
A petal of the rose she wore that day ;
Or curl within her slipper, silken blue —
This was the greatest joy his small life knew !

IV

Too soon the summer's joy, rounded and filled,
Flamed with its crimson passion, throbbed and thrilled,
And waned and wasted to its latest day:
And lo, the beautiful sad lady passed away —
Passed with the glowing summer's ecstasies,
And faded with the light of summer skies.

The heavens darkened, and the dreary rain
Wept over earth, moaning as if in pain!
The winds whined at the doors, or rudely stirred
The boughs and leaflets bare of bloom and bird,
And blight stood shivering with empty hand!
Poor little Gluck — he could not understand!

Oh, the strange stillness, oh, the spectral gloom
That shuddered in each cold and voiceless room!
No more the lady came to her old place
At the piano, and with charming grace,
Moved white and loving hands along the keys
To bring forth little wistful threnodies!

No more, no more! The singing voice was mute;
The dreary house of warmth was destitute!
No glowing presence lent its radiance there,
But a strange dearth and void was everywhere!
The garden stripped of every lovely thing,
Mourned for her sweet lost children of the spring!

But soon to Gluck's dim heart there came a ray
Of comfort, for there chanced upon his way

A dainty little slipper, silken, blue —
Her own, by the faint perfume he well knew;
Right in his darkened path the fair thing lay!
He nestled in its hallowed depth all day!

V

One night he stole into the dim old room,
All sweet with memories of roses' bloom,
And there the moonlight on the oaken floor
From the wide casement slumbered as before;
And as he looked, within the misty light
The lady sat clothed all in flowing white!

Her hands touched the loved keys, but never sound
Arose to break the stillness, weird, profound;
And though her face, framed in its moon-kissed hair,
Thrilled as by song, naught stirred the empty air:
And in her eyes a mystery of light
Lingered as of Celestial glory bright!

And Gluck, thrilling with joy, soon in strange fear
Trembled to see a man's form standing there
Beside her, while his loving hands caressed
Her shining tresses, or his fond lips pressed
Her glowing brow. And like a little child,
Content, the beautiful sad lady smiled!

For she was happy! With a strange delight
Gluck watched them — smiling — vanish out of sight!
It was a vision, but he did not know!
The shadows closed around; he heard the low

Sad whisp'rings of the night from sea and land:—
A little mouse how could he understand?

.
That night a great red tongue of flaming fire
Leaped over that queer house — rose high, and higher!
Licked 'round, and scorched it with a fierce caress!
And Gluck? Perhaps it was his happiness
To die within a slipper, silken, blue —
The greatest joy his small life ever knew!

HEARTS

DEAR Dolly Dwight and I for kisses played
At “Hearts”; I won, and so dear Dolly paid;
But great was my distress, turning about,
To find delightful Dolly in a pout,
And hear those lips made but for kisses sweet,
In cruel tones denouncing me as cheat!
And though th' injustice was quite clear and plain,
I gave her all her kisses back again!

WINTER

THE day is darkening; a dreary pall
Covers heaven's blue; and dismally the rain
Wind-driven, beats chill upon the window-pane,
As purple twilight settles over all.

I hear a sound among the naked trees —
A lonely bird, his fellows South have sped;
Why lingers he when summer flowers are dead,
And winter's finger locks the pallid lea?

Perhaps thou too, thou too, oh, wild fond bird,
Would pause awhile mid haunts of yesterday;
Calling to mind thy happy Junetime lay
When all the lovely flowers entranced heard!

Sweet singer, dwellest on the glowing thought,—
Thou, even as I gazing on scenes so drear —
That only hidden out of sight, somewhere,
Is all the miracle that summer wrought!

THE COMPROMISE

“**L**ET’S kiss and part,” she said and sighed
“And go our ways, the world is wide!
Perhaps ’tis best in every way
That we shall kiss and part to-day.”

He said: “If wisdom ’tis to part,
Then we shall foolish be, sweetheart;
Or let us leave it to kind fate;
But — let us kiss at any rate!”

ALIEN

WINDS of the Southland, sweep over my brow!
Feed my faint heart with the sweets that you
bear;

Wand’rer from sylvans of jessamine-blow,
Where muskadine tangles the gold of her hair!

Songs of the Southland, my senses attune
To the clear note of mockingbird trilling apart,
In an old orange-garden beneath a white moon,
Of a flow’ry night in a deep-summer’s heart!

Love of the Southland, in Memory’s hoard,
Shine on my path in the dark of the way;
Lift from my care-burdened spirit the load —
The shadows englooming my life’s fair day!

NIGHT AND MORNING

THE Dusk it sped down the Sky's stairway,
And the Darkness went skulking behind,
And the dear little Clouds all went quite astray
In running away from the Wind!

And all the eyes of a million Stars
Watched a tender young Moon in bed,
Till away in the east a gallant god Mars
Ushered in fair Dawn, blushing red!

FOUR GIFTS

I HEARD, or dreamed I heard four mortals pray.
The first unto his God. "I would be blessed
With gold, and take unto my latest day
My chances for the rest."

The second pleaded for immortal fame;
That there be writ with flowing, fiery pen
Athwart the scroll of the wide heavens his name
Before the eyes of men.

And one, the boon of love,— sweet love!
That every other blessing did enfold,
Binding two hearts as with a chain whereof
Each link was purest gold.

But one standing a space apart, did pray —
 (An humble soul was he,) that God would send,
To bless the measure of his earthly day,
 One kind and steadfast friend.

ONE HOUR

I'M thinking of a still and perfect night —
 Out of the misty Past it burns for me! —
A perfumed June, under the chastened light
 Of stars, beside a brooding, wind-dropt sea.
Your wistful face was like a dew-washed flower —
My all of life is blent with that one hour!

I'm thinking of a little trembling star
 That slipt from out the glittering heavens, and went
Its glowing way to ether-fields afar,
 Haply on some Celestial mission bent;
Of how we wished for "Mizpah" that fair night,
All in the flash and failing of its light!

So overful were we of love's red draught
 We could not think on that we knew full well —
The cup of Destiny of lips have quaffed,
 The gulf between us wide as heaven from hell! —
Infinities of time — joy's richest dower,
Were blent for us in that one perfect hour!

A HOMING HEART

BELOVED, when a little while runs by,
And all the earth throbs under sapphire sky,
When joyous Spring has sounded her clear call,
And April's fragrant children, great and small,
Come trooping rosy forth to happy song
Of gay birds carolling the whole day long —
As a fond homing dove, joyous and free,
That burst its bonds of late captivity,
Winging to waiting ones and warm soft nest,
My homing heart shall seek your arms for rest!

ALONE

I NEED you, lad, I need your light to shine
Into this dim and lonely life of mine.

I need your sympathy, your words of cheer,
I need to know and feel you ever near.

I need your hand to guide me on the Way
From which my weak and errant feet would stray.

I need your splendid strength when mine runs low,
And all the pulses of my being are slow.

I need your tenderness like altar-fires,
To light the white flame of my pure desires.

I need your kisses sweet as ruddy wine,
Upon these love-enhungered lips of mine.

I need your love, so good and strong and true —
Dear lad, I am so lonely needing you!

TO SLEEP

O H, sleep, I pray, come to these out-stretched arms!
Thou one-time loving friend, come stroke this
brow

With gentle touch, and soothe me of alarms,
Thou lovely one, come to me here and now!

Come to these wide and aching eyes of mine
So weary with an endless strife of tears;
Oh, hush me with thy murmuring benign,
With thy low whisperings dispel my fears.

Once thou didst lull me with thy fragrant sighs
And on my pillow rest thy gentle head;
Didst fold me in thy arms — I did misprize
The tender, loving one, till lo, she fled!

Wide-eyed I lie, or lonely sit and weep,
And reach out heavy arms, and bitter moan,
Calling upon thy name — Oh, sleep! oh, sleep!
Oh, gentle spirit, hast forever flown?

A PASTORAL

I LOOK out on the fragrant night,—
A sleeping world, a silent heaven,—
I lift my pleading to the White
Great Throne of God that peace be given,
Some balm my troubled soul to bless
And woo me out of hopelessness!

Or do I dream again to-night?
Is this the ghost of some wild dream?
As far as moves my wandering sight
All is so strange and weird, I seem
A spectre,— spectres all around,
In silent conclave, grim, profound!

I fancy that a pale moon-wraith
Clasps the still earth in cold embrace,
Stealing her suspirating breath,
And smiling in her dying face!
The frightened stars have sped away!
The far-off sky turns dull and grey!

Strange sounds float upward from the dark
Depth of the frowning wood,

Where phalanxes in order, mark
Their silent step where they have stood
For dreary ages as to-night,
Long-shadowed in the chastened light!

Back in the girlhood home! Oh, heart
Of mine, doth any comfort spring?
Doth memory play no kindly part
To lend thee calmer mood, or bring
A roseate beam of some lost day
To light thee on thy darkened way?

II

My eager vision ranging wide,
I see afar in outline grey
The village school glooming beside
The old sweet-brier bordered way.
I almost hear the clarion knell
And calling of its morning bell!

And I can see the old church-tower
Cleaving the elm-trees! And once more
I am a child at service hour,
My eager eyes upon the door,
My ready ears waiting to hear
The ending of a lengthened prayer.

I well recall the high stall-pews,
That standing I could scarce o'er-reach;
The window-panes of vari-hues,
The minister's slow-falling speech,

The matrons of the little town
Each happy in her Sunday gown!

III

Across a daisied slope, beyond
An avenue of ancient firs,
I know there smiles a blue-eyed pond;
I know that when the light wind stirs
Its face in dimples circling wide,
Tost in the eddying of its tide

Gay water-lilies dance and dip,
Flaunting their hoard of pearl and gold,
While pirate bees draw near to sip
The nectar of each honeyed hold,
And flower-winged pilf'rers skim and dart
Above each dew-enjeweled heart!

From thence a ragged path leads down —
I cannot see, I know 'tis there —
To where the little slumb'ring town
Is silent I can only hear
A watch-dog baying now and then,
With echo answering back again.

IV

A brook goes singing by yon field,
Telling of all things sweet and fair
Dripping upon its banks, their yield
Of summer fragrance in the air!

Laughing, whisp'ring as it goes
Past creeping smilax and wild-rose!

We walked in childhood by that spring!
Our clasped hands stayed its gentle flow!
It was a sleepy little thing
As tho' of half a mind to go
And half to linger in its play
To kiss the blue flags by the way!

And where it ripples down the hill,
Dancing in merry mood along,
We placed a wondrous water-mill,
And fondly deemed it fast and strong,
And came in tears another day
To find our treasure swept away!

Where gleams yon field of yellowing wheat
His father's lands join ours; this brook
Marks bound'ry where the two farms meet;
And from its jasmined banks you look
Out over each to east and west,—
In sooth you could not name the best!

A little nervous bridge once spanned
This narrow stream; oh, I can see
It now, vine-wreathed, under the grand
Wide-spreading of a willow-tree!
I thought the birds sang sweetest there;
Of all the fields the flowers most fair!

For there he told me of his love,
Re-murmured in the brook's soft flow,
While tender stars looked from above,
Or smiled as bright in depths below;
For day and night did kiss and part
The hour I gave him all my heart!

It is almost a joy to think —
If earthly joy could be of mine —
On these dear scenes and hours, to drink
The little left of life's red wine,
(Or is it draught of Tantalus' cup!)
Which sorrow has almost drunk up!

I think to-morrow I shall go —
If I may dare to trust my heart! —
And look on this and this, and so
Prove to myself if any part
Of life's old joy remains to me,—
So long espoused to misery!

V

This window opens out above
A gardenful of old time flowers.
The room I used so well to love!
My own thro' many happy hours
And days and years that made my life,
Ere I with living was at strife!

The modest gilliflowers lean
One to another as they were

In timid gossip, and, between,
Sweet asters pink and white appear;
And daffodils in cape and snood,
All in a fragrant sisterhood!

A pure white rose was wont to swing
Trellised against this window-blind;
One day I plucked a lovely thing
Into my sunny locks to bind!
The brightest day of all my life,
That heard me called sweet name of "Wife!"

I plucked a rose another day,
And placed it in a dear, dead hand!
And since then I have thought life's way
(I do not try to understand!)
Life's star-bound way — hath been bereft
Of flowers, and only thorns were left!

VI

In sooth, mine was a fleeting life!
A few short years spanning it o'er,—
Dear years with every beauty rife!
And surely that is all its score —
What were my after days but low
Sad requiems of the long ago!

Oh, you have seen a sundown rare,
In red and purple blue and gold,
Ere night let fall her curtain drear,
And twilight closed fold over fold,

Hiding the glory from the sight,
Leaving behind the deepest night;

Oh, you have smelt a rich perfume —
 (The memory of a rose was night!) —
And thought you trod in summer-bloom,
 And ere the fancy fled by,
You cried: “Fresh June is come again!”
And there was frost upon the pane!

So I a little season trod
 Elysian fields on this our sphere,
Then all my joy sped up to God,
 And now I only linger here
A sad sojourner, toiling on,
With hope set far beyond the sun!

VII

To-morrow's dawn will gild the sky,
 To-morrow's flowers will scent the air,
The little brooklet tinkling by
 Will sing because the world is fair!
The soaring lark will lift her strain,
And all the earth rejoice again!

And I shall wander 'neath the sun
 Thro' wood and field, by laughing brook,
To rest my aching eyes upon
 Some well-remembered path, some nook
Fragrant with blossoming eglantine,
With opal-tinted dews ashine,

And there will be no sun for me,
No diamond-dew feeding the grass ;
The brooklet leaping joyously
Will still its music as I pass !
The winging lark will break her strain,
And all the world turn grey again !

There is one spot I have not told !
Father forgive, if my poor heart
Hath named Thee hard ! Under a fold
Of hills a square is closed apart ;
Our dead sleep there, and there sleeps he
Who made my living sweet to me !

A marble angel guards above
One grave, and in its sculptured hand
Holds the great Book of Life and Love.
His name is There, and in that Land
That God hath given to them that pray,
We'll meet and love again some day !

A QUESTION

IF I could be a flower, and you the dew,
What were we each to other, I and you?
You'd lie upon my bosom, kiss my heart,
Still of myself would know a little part.

Were I a cloud and you could be the sun,
You'd kiss me crimson when your day was done
You'd deck me with your gold all fine and fair,
And I should pass away into the air!

But were I heaven's white moon and thou the sea,
What were we each to other, I and thee?
One pulse, one tide in union strong and true,
Faithless to all beside I'd be, for you!

MAGIC

ALL snugly wrapped in his blanket of night,
With the morning-star pinned in his cap,
King Helius as sweetly as you or I might,
Was enjoying his morning nap;

When, sh — ! he heard such a twitter and cheep,
Such chatter and warble and trill,
As never before, and up from his sleep
He arose and peeped over the hill —

In amazement! for there was his old spouse the earth,
Decked out in the richest of dresses;
The embroidered dewdrops alone being worth
The ransom of forty princesses!

And she wore such a marvel of art of a bonnet,
To match, all of yellow and green,
With meadows of daisies and buttercups on it! —
The like of it never was seen!

And from tops of the trees, to where golden bees
With butterflies hung in the clover,
The merry bird flitted and warbled and twitted,
And chirruped the fragrant fields over!

And the old fellow smiled like a great big old child,
As he asked his good wife to explain;
And she winked a bright eye, and she said: " You old
guy,
Don't you know Spring has come back again? "

DECEMBER

IT seems but yesterday when the gray earth
At Spring's clear call awaked to warmth and mirth,
And all the hills and meads were gold-arrayed
With cowslips where the lovely Queen had strayed.
And, following, fulsome Summer came to fling
Upon the earth her robe of blossoming.
But now the rose's golden heart is bare,
A broken lily lies a-bleeding near!
The cold North sighed, and thou hast felt his grief,
Fair rose, thy life so bright and brief —
So sweet, white lily-flower — but who can tell?
Haply death to the dead is sweet as well!

A PURPLE VIOLET

A MODEST little violet
I, strolling, chanced upon to-day,
Deep in tangled grasses set —
I stopped to note it by the way —
A dainty thing, blue-eyed and wet!
The breezes romping merrily
Wafted its fragrance up to me!

But wherefore did the world wax chill
All on a happy summer day?
Wherefore did the daisied hill
In twilight shadows fall away?
And Nature's voice grow hoarse and still?
Why in my heart a thorn was set
At looking on a violet?

One time I plucked a violet —
On such a golden summer day!
It in a dear dead hand to set,
Two slender hands that lightly lay,
And on a whiter bosom met! —
Always I'll see a fair face start
Out of a purple violet's heart!

SEPTEMBER

DANAE unveiled her bosom's lovely snow
And on it great Jove's golden shower fell,
And all the earth took radiance of that glow,—
So the immortal poets love to tell.
I, dreaming, thought the high-heaven sun were Jove,
The earth a lovely Danae rained upon,
And forth came glowing out of so great love
Our gold September for a Perseus' son.

DREAMING

BEHIND the ocean's rim the sun is drooping;
Dusk hovers nigh;
And in the throbbing silence wraiths come trooping
Of hours gone by.

Across a flowered lea on light winds winging
Float tones of bells,
That to my ears are like the far sad ringing
Of requiem knells.

The rapture of the day's last dreaming lingers
Along the deep,
And memories rise which love's insistent fingers
Rouse from long sleep.

Perhaps my life has known its fullest measure
Of worldly meed,
But O, the heart stripped of its perfect treasure
Is poor indeed.

I'm wond'ring now, as the grey night comes creeping,
Veiling the blue,
If you can guess my lone heart's yearning, weeping
For love and you.

WAITING

SOMEWHERE, I know, in the dim Yet to Be
(Always I've dreamed it and I dream it still)
In some bright year and hour you'll come to me,
And all my empty soul with glory fill.

My heart is dressed and ready for that Day,
My tired hands are eager for your own,
And on my lips a thousand things to say,
Love-hoarded treasures, and for you alone.

And longing for you, still I watch and wait,
Though you may choose another life and way;
Though you may come an æon soon or late,
And from the glowing Path for long may stray.

You'll come at last, I know, and we shall stand,
Eye speaking answering eye in some bright Place —
Haply not earth, haply of a fair Land
That men call heaven, but I shall know your face.

THE MAID WE LOVE

SHE comes again, the April Maid,
With crocus-blossoms in her hair!
And every voice of field and glade
Proclaims her near.

The buttercups all golden dressed,
Arise their lovely queen to greet;
And where her dainty feet have pressed
Spring violets sweet.

The sun-god high in ether blue
A tribute rich to her would pay
In wealth of diamonds in the dew
Along her way.

And gaily to Pan's piping reed
(The path is fragrant where she went!)
You'll find her dancing on the mead,
Flinging afar sweet bloom and scent.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

FRIEND, I would find the road to Yesterday,
For I have lost it in my wanderings far,
And now upon that path my feet would stray
If it be marked by any chart or star.

It matters not by what bleak mountain-height
The pathway leads, or by what desert sands;
Or that I lost and groping through the night
Be bruised in my feet, and pierced of hands.

Lead me along the road to Yesterday —
I who of men have sinned and sorrowed most —
That I may find by some pure Childhood Way,
That faith my soul once knew, and loved and lost!

LOST LONG AGO

O H, that my thoughts were wings tonight
To waft me in a backward flight
To one sweet hour in yester-year —
It might not be my eyes could bear
The light of that far yestertime
When youth and love was at the prime!

Oh, for the floodtide of that hour!
A summer's dusk, each nodding flower
Leaned to us as in sympathy,
Some little whispering birds drew nigh —
You kissed me! My dim life can know
No light but that hour's afterglow!

THE CITY OF MIGHT HAVE BEEN

THE way to the City of Might Have Been,
Can anyone tell? Does anyone know?
Tho' many there be that toil between
Its desert waste and mountain snow,
By endless paths that wind and wind,
That wondrous way can anyone find?

In a far-off country it must be,
And the journey long and long to fare;
Its smiling plains we may never see,
Tho' we bend our gaze forever there,
To catch one ray of the golden sheen
That gleams o'er the City of Might Have Been.

But oh, beloved, at the end of day,
When the red sun hangs in the west,
And I tread along an old-loved way,
With an old love young in my breast,
My thoughts bridge over that vast Between
To you, in the far, lost, Might Have Been.

JUNE-TIME

IT'S June-time in the world today,
And heaven is blue;
The sweet birds know it and the flowers,
That drowse and dream the long white hours,
And wake from dreaming but to say:
"The joy-time of the heart is here;
It is the rose-time of the year,
And love-time too."

When life shall change its rosy tint
To graver hue;
And age shall sit upon your brow
Where part the dusky tresses now,
My heart can feel no loss nor stint;
For with you at my side, my dear,
It's always rose-time of the year
And love-time too.

GIVING AND TAKING

I'D never give a kiss, nay, nay,
For all the earth and sky and seas! —
I — would not give a kiss, but may
Be coaxed to — take one, if you please!

ACHIEVEMENT

“**I** HAVE gained wealth,” a prince said boastfully,
 (So runs a story old,)
I did command, and Fortune brought to me,
 Coffers of brightest gold.”

“I have gained glory, an immortal name
 Is mine,” a poet said,
“I writ in words of fire, and mortals came
 With laurel for my head.”

“I have gained love,” a bold knight made reply,
 “For one as far above
All women as the heaven’s dome is high
 Has crowned me with her love.”

An humble shepherd passing in the way,
 Spoke to his heart, unheard,
Counting it riches to have won that day
 The trust of a wild bird.

TO A MOCKING-BIRD

GAY, singing bird, you do delight my heart!
Your blithe notes thrill and stir its every part;
Its chords loose-lying, slackened, music-mute,
Leap into tone like to a wind-swept lute;
And on the waste of things as by swift fire,
Kindle the embers of my dull desire,
And all my slumbering senses flush and glow,
Quickening into newness as your low
Soft strains float out upon the twilight hour.
I thank thee bird for thy sweet charm and power
To lift a drooping heart and set it high.
I thank thee bird, for thy blest minstrelsy!

KISSING TIME

THE little birds are kissing in the trees ;
The wavelets kiss upon the shining strand ;
The rose is sighing kisses to the breeze ;
The dipping sun is kissing all the land.

What if the moth lie on the lily's breast,
The moon-queen stoop to kiss the pleading sea,
And mother-twilight kiss the world to rest,
If still my cruel love will kiss not me?

TRAGEDY

I HAD a strange dream, and behold, the day was
slain! —

Night hurled a cruel dart and smote her glowing
breast;

I saw her droop, and bleed, and die, and all the west
Was crimson with the stain!

I saw the twilight gray break from the arms of night
And with a gentle hand close the dead eyes of day;
And spreading wide his dusky pinions, far away
He bore her out of sight!

I saw in heaven a crescent moon hang white and high;
I saw the great sea lash itself to silver mist;
I heard the moan of haunting winds, and from her tryst
The night-hawk's startled cry!

I saw a lovely woman standing by the sea,
Within the sunny glory of her unbound hair;
I saw her upturned face, that it was wondrous fair,
But dumb with misery!

I saw her standing knee-deep in the ocean foam;
I saw the angry winds sweep through her tangled
hair,

And still she watched the seething waves as if 'twere
She sought to find a home!

I saw her pale lips part and a despairing moan
Sadder than words of mortal tongue, went wailing
by,
When her crushed heart burst wildly forth in one great
cry
To Heaven! Then she was gone!

I looked, and saw the great sea roll on as before;
But on its bosom dark, an instant shone a gleam
Of floating locks, and white clenched hand! And lo, my
dream
Was passed, I saw no more!

RHYMES AND JINGLES



WITH TOMMY AND MARY AT THE CIRCUS

A is for Animal Show,
With gay tents all set in a row,
 And Tommy and Mary,
 And Aunt Jane, contrary,
With little pup "Gpysy" in tow.

B is the bloke that you buy
Your tickets from, and though you try
 To be quick as a mice,
 And just ever so nice,
It's rudeness you'll get from that guy.

C is the cracker-jack sweet
You are toting around but can't eat
 Till Aunt Jane says you may,
 Later on in the day;
And your anguish is more than complete.

D is the tent-door at last,
And through it you soon have been passed;
 And you hear all the yells,
 And smell all the smells,
And your joy has been never out-classed.

E is for elephants three,
The largest you ever did see,
That went round the tracks
With small folks on their backs,
As merry as merry could be.

F is for funny flamingo,
Who spoke in the queerest of lingo;
He would shake his pink head
At whatever was said,
Or saucily answer "By jingo!"

G is for grouchy old gnu
Who complained that his woes were not few;—
He was down on his luck,
For he had not a buck
In his pocket, and not one in view.

H is for hard-headed hippo
Who persisted in walking on tip-toe,
But she fell down at last,
And the people all asked
Why did she happen to trip so?

I is for crabbed old eider.—
A lady once lingered beside her,
And she pulled out great strands
Of her hair with her hands;
So at last the manager tied her.

J is for jolly old jaguar,
So tipsy she could not but stagger;
 But she jumped through a hoop,
 And then looped the loop,
As if there were nothing could fag her.

K is for old krazy kat
In a komical koat and kravat;
 For cutting up capers
 He got in the papers,
And there he was licked by a rat.

L is for languishing llama,
Who thought herself quite a young charmer,
 She'd moan and she'd sigh,
 And murmur: "Oh, my!"
As if one were trying to harm her.

M is for marvelous mandrill,
Who went through a wonderful fan drill.
 He could walk — dressed in kilts —
 All day long upon stilts,
But not for a moment could stand still.

N is for nice nanny-goat,
Who was dressed in a bright petticoat;
 And a queer little sacque
 Buttoned right down the back,
And a green ribbon tied at her throat.

O is for odious owl
Who did naught but quarrel and scowl,
And get mad as fire
If one stopped near by her,
And should one speak to her, she'd howl.

P is for peevish old puma,
Always in quite a bad humor;
Some said with a wink,
That the trouble was *drink!*
But that might have been only rumor.

Q is for crazy old quail,
Who tried to swim round in a pail,
"I am greatly upset,"
She said, "to be wet,
I'm afraid all the curl's out my tail!"

R is for regal old rea,
Who made sure the people would see her,
As she strode up and down
In a white satin gown,
So folks all would wish they could be her.

S is for savage old satyr;
There were many good reasons to hate her,
For a woman they say,
Went too near her one day,
And she pounced right on her and ate her.

T is for troublesome tapir,
Who was always cutting some caper ;
 She'd grin and she'd sneer,
 And sometimes she'd swear,
But it made her mad when they'd ape her.

U is for sad unicorn
Who wished she had never been born ;
 For her lover, they say,
 Rode quite rudely away,
And left her all sad and forlorn.

V is for vicious old vulture,
Without any manners or culture ;
 If you stopped at her cage
 She would fly in a rage
As though she wished to insult you.

W is for wonderful whale,
Who stood on the tip of his tail,
 And bellowed so loud
 That he frightened the crowd,
And the people around all turned pale.

X is for excentric xenus,
Said to belong to a genus
 Many years thought extinct.—
 But the old fellow winked
And said: “ They are off, just between us.”

Y is for very wild yak;
They kept her head tied in a sack,
And her four feet in bags
Made of old burlap rags,
And her tail poking out at the back.

Z is for best thing on view,
A marmoset dressed all in blue,
Just the cunningest thing
That rode round a ring
Riding a white cockatoo!

APRIL AND OMAR

WAKE! for the Man that House-cleans by the
Day,
With skillful Blowings in some strange Way,
Is at the Door; if thou wouldst not descend
Dust unto Dust, escape, Friend, whilst thou may.

Come, then, into the Garden, where the Rose
Her Charms reveal, and see the new-washed Clothes
Naked upon the Air of Heaven ride,
At Will, but not unblushed for, Goodness knows.

'Tis said we should this loveliest Month of Spring,
Our Winter Garments to the Attic bring,
And take the Camphor Balls along, for lo,
The festive Moth again is on the Wing.

Wouldst buy thy Spring Suit? be advised of me,
And leave the Wise and Foolish as they be.
In newest Styles and Cuts I'll put thee wise;
Thou hast the Price? the Rest is Naught to thee.

Now some buy Things they can't afford, and some
Charge them, not knowing where the money's to come
from;

Pay thou the Cash and let the Credit go ;
First of the Month the Bill is sure to come.

And get the best for what thou needst must pay ;
Be thou not as the blowing Rose to say :
“ I'll fling the golden Treasure of my Purse
Into the Garden ! ” — Thou repent some Day.

For some have husbanded their golden Grain,
And some have flung it to the Wind like Rain,
Do thou be wise and know that Coin once spent
Full surely thou shalt not get back again.

So when in Gladness thou thy Heart renew,
Believe me, Friend, that this one Thing is true,
Whether by Prophet spoken or by Fool :
“ Thou shalt not eat thy Pie and have it too.”

THE LITTLE MAN

THERE was a little man
And he had a little gun
And he went to the wild, wild, wild!
And when he got there
He shot a "Teddy bear"
And oh, how he smiled, smiled, smiled!

But when he came back
Folks all said: "Alack!"
Though he said never a word, word, word;
And 'twas whispered far and near
By those that had his ear,
That his heart was quite set on a third, third third!

HIS SONG

THERE was a colored gentleman
Dwelt by the fair Ashlee;
He loafed about from morn till night,
As blithe as blithe could be;
There was a song he loved to sing,—
The only song sang he:
"I'll work for nobody, no not I,
If somebody'll work for me."

HE GOT HER

HEY diddle doubt
My candle is out,
And my little wife's not at home;
I'll go to the club,
Or perhaps to the 'pub'
And fetch my little wife home!"

FUTURES IN CONTRACTS

"**B**ILLIE Burke, Billie Burke
Where are you roving?"
"Over the screen!"
"Billie Burke, Billie Burke,
Who are you loving?"
"That's to be seen!"

NO QUARTER GIVEN

THERE was a Judge sat on a bench,
Whiskey, whiskey weedle!
His thirst for blood he could not quench,
Whiskey, whiskey, weedle!
They brought the President up to try,
Whiskey, whiskey, weedle!
"Off with his head, and don't ask why!"
Whiskey, whiskey, weedle!

THE CROOKED MAN

THERE was a crooked man
Who went crooked all his days,
He got his crooked halfpence
In many crooked ways.
He was crooked at the Bank
And crooked at the store,
So they jailed him, and perhaps he'll not
Be crooked any more!

HOW THEY MANAGE IT

SWIFT he gets all the fat,
Armour gets the lean,
And so betwixt them both you see,
They lick the country clean!

VIVE LE ROI!

PIERPONT Morgan
Plays the organ,
Woolworth beats the drum;
If you could see 'm
You'd wish to be 'm
When they all go "Tum, tum, tum!"

THE PUDDING

WHEN good King Teddy ruled the land
He was a goodly king;
He taught his chef just how to make
A nice gas bag-pudding —
A gas bag pudding big enough
And stuffed full well with “coons,”
He into it put much of guff;
It lasted him three moons.
Teddy and dame did eat thereof
And Cabinet men beside,
And what they did not eat that night
His Dame next morning fried.

DANDY JACK

ANDY Spandy Jack-a-Dandy,
Bought his girl much Huyler's candy,
And took her to the ice-cream shop;—
And then she gave him the drop, drop, drop!

THE FLIGHT

HEY diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The food-stuffs have jumped to the moon!
Then grocery man laughed to see the sport
But the housewife fell in a swoon!

THE PRETTY NURSE

“**W**HERE are you going, my pretty maid?”
“Just to the front, kind sir,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
“If you have the nerve, kind sir,” she said.

“Who is your father, my pretty maid?”
“He’s only a millionaire!” she said.

“Then I will marry you, my pretty maid!”
“I thank you kindly, sir,” she said.

THE KISSING BUG

HOBSON he loved cake and wine,
Hobson he loved candy;
He loved to kiss the pretty girls
When they were nice and handy.

MR. ROCKEFELLER IN AUGUSTA

THERE was an old gentleman lived in a car,
Who gathered up children from near and from
far,
And when upon ice-cream and cake they’d been fed,
He kissed them all round and sent them to bed.

THE HERO

LITTLE Victor Blue blew his own horn
Till folks all wished he had never been born;
He's been duly warned,—or so at least, they say,
That one more blast will take his head away!

OL' BLUE JAY

OF all de beases on sea an' lan'
Mr. Sparrow-hawk sho is a family man;

Any day you kin see him on a sweet-gum lim'
Wid Miss Sparrow-hawk settin' close by him;

Hit would sho be a bird o' Paradise
Could a-caught Sparrow-hawk wid dey goo-goo eyes!

Dar's ol' Miss Partridge as soon as light
Starts a-callin' for her ol' true-lover, "Bob-White";

De Cardinal sings but one lone song
To his "Sweetheart, Sweetheart!" all day long.

An' soon as dus' is in de sky,
Ol' Widow Whip-poor-will moan and cry.

But ol' Blue Jay, you bleege to know,
Ain' got a care, an' ain' got a woe;

He swings an' sings in de ol' fir tree,
As sassy an' happy as happy kin be!

An' one time his song is " May, May, May! "
But hit's " Kate, Kate, Kate! " de very nex' day!

THE INFELICITIES OF MR. CROW

OL' man Crow lived mos' all he life
All alone by heself an' ain' had no wife,

But when he git good on de shady side,
He up an' brung home a mighty young bride.

He sho was proud, an' pretty soon he 'lows
He gwineter whirl in an' buil' a fine house.

But while Crow worked a-totin' everything,
Miss Crow she sot up in a tree an' sing;

An' de folks all 'lowed she sho was a shirk
To set in de cool while Crow done de work.

When de nes' was made an' de work was done,
An' de eggs was laid, den de trouble begun!

Miss Cuckoo she gone an' started de mess
By droppin' a egg in Miss Crow nes';

An' dar hit lay for every one to see,
An' hit wasn't no Crow egg, an' never could be!

An' Lan' de trouble was on for true,
When Miss Crow hatch out dat young Cuckoo!

Mr. Crow he 'fuse to see he wife face;
He pack he valise an' sho lef' de place!

THE BOLD LOCHINVAR

OL' Turkey Buzzard son (a mighty sorry cuss),
Tuck to courtin' Miss Partridge gal, an' brung
on a fuss.

For de Partridge hol' dey noses stuck up mighty high,
An' tink de Buzzard fam'ly's powerful small fry.

Miss Yallowhammer lowed it were a sho disgrace,
De sass Miss Partridge throwed in ol' Miss Buzzard
face.

Hit soon begun to 'pear dat Partridge gal was sot
To marry dat young Buzzard, for she up an' 'fied de lot.

But who should come along dat way dressed in de lates'
style

But Mr. Robin-Redbreast, an' lowed he'd stop awhile.

An' Law-a-massy what you tink? befo' de week was
close,

He'd up an' stole dat Partridge gal f'm under Buzzard
nose!

MR. JAY ENTERTAINS

MR. BLUE JAY was a single man,
An' live by heself kinder ketch-what-you-can.

One day when he bin home all by heself,
Wid not a vittles lef' on he pantry-shelf,

Here come de news by Miss Bumble-bee,
How Miss Yallowhammer comin' roun' to tea!

Mr. Jay was sho in a fix dat day! —
But he happen to look across de way

To ol' Mr. Butcherbird house, an' see
Mr. Butcherbird meat hengin' up in a tree;—

All he good meat what he lef' out to dry
For he own little chillen to eat bimeby.

Dar was de meat, an' dar was Mr. Jay! —
You got de hint? Mr. Butcherbird say

Neighbor Jay oughter 'member de Golden Rule.
Mr. Jay say de Butcherbird sho is a fool!

WIDOW WHIP-POOR-WILL

AS long as a widow's head is hot,
You'd better look out! her snare is sot.

You gwinter git caught befo' you know,
An' you better believe you're caught for sho'!

A widow kin weep an' moan, an' wail,
But her eye kin see right through dat veil!

But dar's one widow I 'lowed would stay
A sho-nuff widow till her lates' day,

An' death would a-caught her a widow still,
An' dat was ol' widow Whip-poor-will.

But all de bird an' beases say
She's to marry Brer Coon on Christmas day.

NO ALIMONY FOR MR. JAY

DEM gals kin work an' strive as dey may,
But dar sho' ain' none gwineter caught Mr. Jay;

Dey kin set dey snare, dey kin lay dey plan,
But Blue-Jay sho ainter marryin' man.

He will court all de gals f'm near an' far,
But weddin' days Blue Jay ain' dar!

But he hit a snag an' a undertow
When he give young Miss Yallowhammer de throw!

I reckon taint a man on earth to-day
Woulder act such a mean an' no-count way;

For all de folks in de country knew.
How he courted dat gal for sho an' true;

For he bought de ring an' name de day,
An' den de las' minute he skipped away.

But she sho stuck de law to ol' Blue Jay,
An' brung a suit, an' he had to pay!

I reckon by now he's 'gun to see
Dat courtin' aint all hit's cracked up to be.

THE END







HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.



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